Keep Me in a Cage or Cut My Wings

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Keep Me in a Cage or Cut My Wings

by Aimandfire

Summary

Logan should have gotten help long ago. When it became harder to focus and do his work she should have mentioned something. When getting out of bed started to seem daunting he should have known something was wrong. When his usual mood always seemed dimmed by a veil of melancholy he knew he needed help. But soon the melancholy faded to apathy, and he just didn't care.

He's not an idiot, he knows what that means. He knows all the signs and symptoms of depression, and if any of the other sides started acting like he was he'd get concerned and definitely bring it up.

But it was only him, so it's not like it was that bad. He wasn't supposed to have emotions in the first place anyway.

OR-Logan suffers from depression, and finally decides to end it all. At least, until Remus stops him

Logan should have gotten help long ago. When it became harder to focus and do his work she should have mentioned something. When getting out of bed started to seem daunting he should have known something was wrong. When his usual mood always seemed dimmed by a veil of melancholy he knew he needed help. But soon the melancholy faded to apathy, and he just didn't care.

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Logan didn't know if the other sides just didn't notice or didn't care. Either way was completely understandable. It wasn't really their job to notice changes and note them until they came up with a plausible diagnosis, then address their concerns with the others. That's what logic was for. If they didn't particularly care then that was fine too. He wasn't made for emotions, so it really didn't matter to Thomas.

However what he was about to do would definitely have an impact, though if he did it right there wouldn't be too much change.

Logan looked around his room. Everything was cleaned, not that it was ever messy, but it was especially clean today. All his papers were sorted neatly into folders, all of his things were put away, his clothes were folded up and in his dresser, and not a single extra thing was left in his room. It didn't even look like someone lived there.

The only thing that wasn't perfectly clean and empty was the top of his desk, which held two bottles, a letter, and a pen. The first bottle contained Thomas's intelligence. The second bottle contained Thomas's logic. The letter was a note saying goodbye.

He wasn't ducking out. Ducking out would mean he'd take his traits with him, and he would technically exist in the subconscious, meaning he could be coaxed back if necessary. What he

was doing was the opposite. Thomas would still have his traits, and Logan simply wouldn't exist anymore, not in the mindscape, not in the unconscious, not in the real world.

He would be effectively dead. If Logan was a person and not a side he would say it was suicide, but he was only a facit of a person, only meant to be useful. It would be more accurate to say he was just getting rid of an old tool, and that tool happened to be himself.

After making sure everything was perfect Logan took his tie off and left it on the chair, the only thing out of place. He used to think of it as a symbol of his responsibility, a sign that he could be trusted to help guide Thomas and the others. Now it was just restrictive, feeling like a noose. It marked him as being different, as not belonging, and now he would leave it behind. It served its purpose, just as Logan had served his.

He knew he needed to go to the imagination, but opted against using Roman's door and going to his side of the imagination. It was like a fairytale in there, there would be nothing that could possibly hurt him. In Remus's side of the imagination you couldn't walk two feet before falling over a death trap. His dead body would blend right in, and might not even be noticed at all.

He slipped through the dark side, easily finding the door to the imagination there in Remus's room. Remus wasn't there, which was good, though Logan's certain he could have come up with something to avoid suspicion.

The grand door was made of dark wood and lined with dark green gems, a mirror to Roman's door but with different colors and deeper lines etched in it. The sight was slightly intimidating, but Logan didn't hesitate before opening the door and walking into the imagination.

The sky was dark and swirling with an occasional biblically accurate angel or dragon floating in the air. The grass was a dark green, and layed on it was a dark cobblestone path that led to a village made of crumbling buildings and caves.

Logan started to walk down the cobble path as he quickly realized a rather large flaw in his plan; Remus's side of the imagination wasn't nearly as dangerous as he remembered. Sure, there were scary things that popped up, but nothing that could hurt him. Perhaps Remus had toned things down, perhaps the dangerous things were just tucked away where a side who

had randomly wandered in wouldn't find them, or perhaps Logan just misremembered. Either way he quickly realized he should have brought a knife.

He tried summoning one, but to no avail. He wasn't the best at summoning things, but usually when he was in a good mood he could do it relatively easily. Naturally that meant he hasn't been able to summon things for a few months now, but he was confident enough that he could find something.

As he stumbled absentmindedly on the path he finally found a cliff which dipped into a narrow crevasse. With the most emotion he'd felt in a long time he rushed over excitedly to peer off the edge. It was only about as wide as he was tall, and with how dark it was in Remus's side he could only see a few feet in before it was hidden by shadows, but it appeared to be plenty deep.

Perhaps Logan was a little overzealous when he went to balance on the edge, feeling oddly calm about it all. Everything he's read said he should feel something, that he should regret it at some point, but he only felt relieved. This would be it, the end.

He let out a sigh, closed his eyes, and jumped.

The air swirled around him, feeling freeing on his skin, but lasted barely a second before he was plunged into a cold, black river.

He quickly realized that the cliff clearly wasn't as deep as he thought it was, but didn't have time to rue his mistake as the river started to very quickly drag his down stream. He tried to swim to the edge but the rapids were too strong and the river was too wide. Briefly he wondered how the geography of that even worked but quickly decided that trying to make sense of any of Remus's work would give him a headache.

Instinctively he tried to say afloat but after a second he realized that this could work as well. It might not be as quick, but it would take care of him eventually, and he didn't even know if he could fight the rapids anyway.

He tried his best to relax as the rapids tore him under water, but he was shoved back to the surface and gasped, before being pulled back under. He was turned around several times till

he got disoriented until he was pushed to the surface again. He tried to get his bearings back but couldn't even manage to open his eyes till being dragged down one more time.

As he was turned upside down in the current a rock smashed into him, causing pain to ring though his head. He tried to scream but water filled his lungs as he started to feel dizzy, his vision going black. He had a general idea that he was drowning, but was too dazed to care. Did he want this? He couldn't remember as he fell unconscious under the waves.

As he came to he was vaguely away someone was holding him. He wasn't in the water anymore, but he was wet. He pulled his hands around him and shivered as he blinked his eyes open. His vision was blurred, but he blinked a few more times and it cleared as he looked around. The river was nowhere to be found, he was being carried to a towering stone castle, and Remus was holding him tightly, his expression blank.

"Remus?" Logan mumbled as feeling started to return to his freezing limbs and his throbbing head.

Remus froze, looked down at Logan, and smiled widely. "The nerd's finally awake, huh? You took a bad fall there, but I can't really judge you for theatrics cause I didn't see you." Remus joked "How you feeling?"

Logan looked at him, still confused. Remus just chuckled. "Well I'll take that look as 'I have no fucking idea.' You hit your head, so it makes sense."

Logan nodded. Of course, that made sense. His head hurt, and he remembered falling unconscious. Though he was still confused, and things seemed foggy.

Remus made his way to the castle, humming a disney tune that Logan didn't recognize. He made his way to the heavy wooden doors of the castle, which opened on their own as he held onto Logan, cradling him far more gently than one would expect. "What were you doing here?" Remus finally asked, walking down the cold stone corridors, each footstep echoing loudly.

Logan suddenly remembered exactly what he was doing there in the first place, and quickly realized he couldn't just tell the truth, even if it was Remus. "I was looking for you." Logan said weakly, lying through his teeth.

"Well you found me. What did you need?" Remus asked as he finally walked into a room. It was far more cozy than the rest. It had soft carpet, green walls, and cozy couches and chairs that were gathered around an already lit fireplace.

"I...I can't remember." Logan said, being unable to think of a lie as Remus put him on the couch.

Remus frowned "well you must have hit your head pretty hard then. Should I be concerned?" Remus asked. Logan shook his head but realized that wasn't the best decision as it quickly gave him a headache. He brought his hand to his head and Remus frowned even deeper. "I'm gonna take a guess and say that's not good, but I have no idea what to do about it, so I'm just gonna have you stay here till the imagination fixes your pretty little head. It can fit anything."

"That makes sense" Logan mumbled, shivering slightly. "Can you get me some clothes?" He asked "I can't summon any myself." He said, hoping Remus would take his apparent concussion as the reason why, instead of looking further.

Remus nodded. "Yeah, but I can't really summon your clothes, I'm not good at copying others. I'm gonna have to hop in the mindscape, you think you can stay here without passing the fuck out?" Logan nooded, and Remus smirked. "Great! It's the perfect excuse to bother people. Just take your clothes off and throw them wherever, I'll take care of it later. You can wrap yourself in a blanket." Then he laughed "this isn't really how I expected to see you naked, but I'll take it." He joked, before skipping out the door and leaving Logan by himself.

Logan figured he should have been more upset that he failed, but he just felt too tired. It had not gone well, whatsoever, but it could have gone worse. He had to plan better next time, he over complicated things.

Next time he'd just grab a knife from the kitchen. He'd just take care of things in his own room, and lock his door. Still, he felt too dizzy and tired to move. He didn't think he could get up, wasn't even sure if he could get to his room on his own. Remus said the imagination would fix his injuries soon, right? That made sense, the twins always seemed to heal quickly.

So he should just rest here then? Well he was rather exhausted anyway, and probably had a concussion. Taking a quick nap wouldn't hurt.

He took his shirt and pants off before folding them neatly and placing them on the ground next to him. He wrapped himself in a blanket before quickly dozing off, lulled to sleep by the flickers of the fire and the gentle crumbling of the wood.

He wasn't sure how long he was asleep, but he stirred awake when he heard Remus enter the room again. Still, he was warm and didn't want to move. The creative side must have thought he was still asleep as he didn't say a word and quickly sat down on one of the chairs, being as quiet as possible.

Logan felt bad so he opened his eyes and sat up, realizing that he was feeling a lot better. His headache was dulled, and he didn't feel so weak.

Although when he looked at Remus something seemed off. He looked pale and his expression was blank. He was holding a set of Logan's clothes, and his eyes seemed to bore into the logical side as he handed them over.

Logan had dried off while he slept, so he slipped into the clothes, while glancing at Remus, who just watched. He wasn't even making any snide comments, which was even more unusual.

Still, Remus was always odd. Trying to figure out what he was thinking would be an exercise in futility.

As Logan buttoned up his shirt he realized Remus didn't bring him a tie. For some reason that made him happy, and he wouldn't worry about having to think of an excuse for not wearing it. "Well thank you for your care, Remus" Logan said as he stood "I believe I should be getting back to work, and I should make sure Thomas wasn't too affected."

"How's your head?" Remus asked, something unhinged in his voice as he spoke, his eyes still boring into Logan.

Still, Logan didn't pay any mind. He rubbed his head where the bruise was, only to see that had shrunk as well. "My headache is gone, so my head appears to be just fine." Logan reassured.

"No the fuck it's not" he barked, standing up right infrount of Logan, his expression angry "Also, there is no fucking way you're leaving here if you think your head is just fine." He snarled, leaving Logan so confused.

"Excuse me?" Logan mumbled, sounding unsure "look, I didn't mean to trespass, and I won't come here again." He pleaded. Remus just seemed even more angered.

"Oh I'll make sure of it. But first" He snarled "why are you really here?" He demanded.

Logan was so confused. Did something happen while he was asleep? Did Remus know? Even then his anger didn't make sense, something else must have happened. "I already said-" Logan started, but was cut off by a roar.

"I found your note Logan!" He said, shoving the offending piece of paper in Logan's face. Logan tried to think of an excuse, but Remus saw him and cut off any excuse before it could form. "There is not a single fucking thing you can say to me that will make this ok, that you are ok."

Logan stuttered "Remus, I understand your concern, but it's not a big deal." This caused the creative side to bark out a loud but humorous laugh.

"How fucking stupid do you think I am?" He growled, then paused "actually don't answer that, but my point still stands!" He continued, shoving the peace of paper in a pocket as Logan tried to find the right words to stay.

"Remus, I'm sorry" he apologized "I promise, I'll stay out of the imagination. Both yours and Roman's. Just let me go home." Logan pleaded, clasping his hands.

Remus took a deep breath, calming himself before speaking. “Ok. I’ll let you go back, if you tell the others about this.” Remus finally conceded.

“What? No!” Logan yelled “Do you realize how-”

“Ah ah ah!” Remus cut him off “whatever you’re about to say I probably know, and I most definitely do not give a shit. Either your telling them, or I’m going to keep you locked in this castle where I will make sure you can’t even give yourself a papercut.” He ended with a smirk, showing Logan his teeth.

After a few seconds of stunned silence Logan finally stumbled to reply. “This ultimatum is ridiculous!” He tried to sound angry, but didn’t quite hit the mark.

“Yep!” Remus said “but so is this entire bullshit situation, so you get what you get.” His voice and face were cheerful, but he was clearly still furious. He also wasn’t one to bluff, so Logan didn’t think he was joking.

“Look, let's be reasonable about this. Perhaps I acted rashly, but there is no need for you to do the same. I promise I won’t try this again. I’ll return to my room, you can keep me out of the imagination, and we won’t have any reason to bring this up again.” Logan pleaded.

Remus actually demurred under his words, but shook his head in refusal all the same. “I’m sorry Logan. I know you’re not lying, but that's not how these things work. Thoughts like those burrow deeper and deeper and fester, till you feel like you’re going crazy. You’d do anything to get them to leave. Perhaps it wouldn’t be another attempt, perhaps you’d start to hurt yourself to ignore the pain. Perhaps you’ll stop eating to distract from how worthless or useless you think you are. I can’t let this go.” Remus said with a surprising amount of maturity.

Logan wasn’t sure how to respond as guilt burrowed in his stomach. Of course Remus would know about stuff like this. “I’m sorry” he said “I should have talked to someone sooner. I recognized all the signs, but I just couldn’t bring myself to care. Even that sounds bad, but…” he sighed, looking down “alright, I’ll tell them.” He mumbled, finally conseeding the battle.

He was expecting Remus to escort him out of the imagination when he agreed to leave, but he wasn't expecting Remus to pick him up bridal style before leaving with Logan in his arms.

"You know I can walk right?" Logan said, burrowing further into Remus's warm arms.

"Yep!" Remus reapplied "but I want to carry you, and you want to be carried" he teased, but he wasn't wrong.

Though as they got closer and closer to the mindscape Logan started to get nervous. What was he going to say? How would they react? Would Thomas have to know? Would they lock him in his room?

"Hey, quit that." Remus scolded, picking up on his thoughts. "You'll be fine, I'll be with you the entire time and if anyone says anything I'll hit them with my morningstar." Remus threatened, and Logan was quite certain he wasn't lying.

Finally they made it to the door to the mindscape where Remus put him back down. The wooden door looked even more menacing now despite being the exact same as before. Logan wrung his hands out nervously as he looked to Remus for comfort. Remus gave him a comforting smile as he opened the door, bracing himself to face the others.

Everyone was already in the living room watching a movie when Logan and Remus walked in, meaning they wouldn't have to summon them. Patton looked over with a smile then froze, immediately pausing the TV and standing up. "Logan what happened? Are you ok?" He asked, walking over quickly.

Logan suddenly realized how bad he actually did look. He was pale and cold, skating slightly. There were dark circles under his eyes, his hair was disheveled, a bruise had formed on his head, and he wasn't wearing his tie.

"I'm fine" he said instinctively. Remus made a disapproving sound as he placed a hand on his shoulder. "Well I'm fine now, but…" he sighed "look, I need to tell everyone something" He looked down, but that got everyone's attention Roman stood up and walked next to Patton, Virgil, who was slouching, stood straight up. Janus didn't move, but cast a critical eye

towards everyone. “Unless you’re busy, then-” Logan started to stammer, but was cut off by Remus.

“They’re not busy,” Remus hissed, a warning towards everyone. He sounded oddly serious, and when Remus was serious something was wrong.

“Of course we’re not busy, what is it kiddo?” Patton said kindly, sharing a concerned look with Roman before looking back towards Logan.

Logan took a deep breath as he started to speak. “I haven’t really been myself for some time. A long time, actually. I should have probably said something before this, but…” He hesitates, looking down on the ground.

“We know Lo” Virgil said softly. “You’ve been quiet lately, and distant. We were starting to get worried.” The anxious side admitted.

“Let him finish” Remus growled, pulling Logan close to him protectively.

Logan merely looked down and laughed. “Well you weren’t wrong about being worried” he laughed humorously. “I went to the imagination today, found a ledge, and, well” he stammered, struggling to speak. “I fell.” He admitted.

“Purposely?” Janus asked, though it was clear he knew the answer. He bit his lip and nodded, holding back tears.

Patton gasped, causing Logan to look up. Patton looked like he was about to cry, Roman had his hand in front of his mouth in shock, Virgil had gone pale, and Janus was looking at him with a sad expression.

Logan looked down and continued, feeling his eyes get wet. “There was a river at the bottom, I fell in and eventually fell unconscious. I don’t know what happened but Remus pulled me out and took me to a castle to dry off. My clothes were wet, so he offered to get mine and-” Logan cut himself off with a shudder, as he fought back tears.

Remus noticed, and pulled Logan into a bear hug, burying his face in his chest. “I found a note.” Remus offered, finishing his story.

Logan could hear ruffling and could feel the other sides get closer. He burrowed his head deeper into Remus’s chest, not wanting to face them yet. “Do you still have it?” Janus asked softly.

“Yeah, here you go.” Remus said. His arm pulled away from Logan, and there was a sound of ruffling paper before he returned to holding the logical side against his chest.

The room was silent for a minute or so before Patton let out a sob. “Kiddo, I’m so sorry.” He cried. Logan’s hands gripped Remus’s shirt and started to shake.

“Logan…” Roman said softly “may I hug you?” He asked. Logan hesitated, then nodded. Roman didn’t hesitate to wrap his arms around him and Remus, holding him in a tight hug.

Logan’s vision blurred as he started to cry desperately, pressed between the twins. His knees went weak and he collapsed to the ground, sobbing.

“Whoa!” Roman bursted out in surprise before leaning down and picking him up. He couldn’t see the expression on everyone's face but could tell they were upset as he buried his face in Roman’s chest. Roman took him to the couch, sitting down softly as he held him tightly.

Virgil slunk over, wrapping his long arms around Logan as he sobbed and sobbed. Patton started to gently rub his back while Janus and Remus stood guard, prepared just in case something went wrong.

Logan cried himself to exhaustion, and the events from earlier didn’t help. Under the comforting touch of his family he fell asleep in Roman’s arms as his tears dried.

“Someone needs to tell Thomas,” Janus stated, breaking the silence. “It would be best to do that while Logan’s still asleep and we can figure out what to do.” He bit his lip as he schemed, but beside that his face was blank, showing no emotion whatsoever.

“I’ll go” Virgil offered “I’m probably already giving him my panic anyway, I should probably tell him why.”

“I’ll go with you kiddo.” Patton said sadly “It might be best if there's two of us.” In reality he just didn’t want Virgil to have to explain things alone, knowing the anxious side didn’t do well with confrontation. Virgil nodded, and they both sunk out.

As soon as they left Remus turned to Roman. “Ok now hand him back.” He demanded.

“What? No!” Romen replied indignantly, holding the logical side even closer.

“Yeah well I wasn’t asking. Give him back.”

“Screw you, I’m holding him.”

“Well I found him!”

“But I’m holding him!”

“If he wakes up I will knock you both out.” Janus said, ending the fight before it began. Roman mumbled something under his breath, but handed the sleeping Logan over. His head lulled before Remus pressed it against his chest, rocking slightly.

“Thank you Roman” Janus said, “now I will need your help going through Logan's room and finding anything dangerous.”

“I doubt it. His room is literally spotless.” Remus said. Janus gave him a confused look, prompting him to continue. “He cleaned up after himself, probably thought it would be easier that way.” He informed, rocking the logical side as he did so.

Janus frowned “it would be best to check anyway.” He said, turning towards the logical sides room. He was disturbed by what he’d heard, not only with Logan’s suicidal behavior but also with just how much planning that was put into it. Taking an opportunity was one thing, but leaving notes and cleaning up was another. Still, that could all be dealt with when Logan was awake. He could talk to Thomas, figure something out, but no matter what it wouldn’t be an easy fix. Logan wouldn’t magically get better, and if left unattended he’d most likely try again. Right now Janus wanted to make sure that wasn’t possible, then he would work on Logan not wanting to hurt himself. But it would be a long road ahead, and he was going to make sure Logan couldn't hurt himself, no matter what.

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